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A Fawcett Publication

AUG.

NO. 51

Monte Hale

WESTER

10¢



GUN-SMOKING WESTERN
ACTION STARRING

MONTE HALE

THE BIGGEST COWBOY OF THEM ALL!

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A "POPSICLE" YOUTH AWARD



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ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI



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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President







WORKING SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY, THE GRAVEDIGGER STRIPS THE DOCTOR AND ASSUMES HIS IDENTITY...





A FEW DAYS LATER, AS MONTE HALE, FIGHTING-TROUBADOUR OF THE RANGE, RIDES HIS CAREFREE WAY ALONG THE BORDER ...

I RECKON THIS IS THE LIFE, PARDNER! RAMBLING DOWN THE TRAIL ALL PEACEFUL AND EASY-LIKE, SLAPPING AT MY OLD GUITAR!



SUDDENLY!

AN ARROW! WHOO, PARD, OLD BOY!



NOT A SIGN OF THE VARMINT WHO JUST CUT LOOSE AT ME WITH THAT ARROW! THIS IS MIGHTY STRANGE!

I AIM TO TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ARROW! I MAY BE ABLE TO TELL BY ITS WAR HEAD WHAT TRIBE MADE IT!

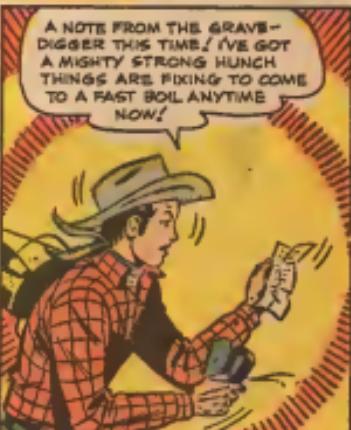
NO INDIAN MADE THIS ARROW! THAT LITTLE BLACK COFFIN WITH MY NAME ON IT! THIS IS THE CALLING CARD OF THE GRAVEDIGGER!

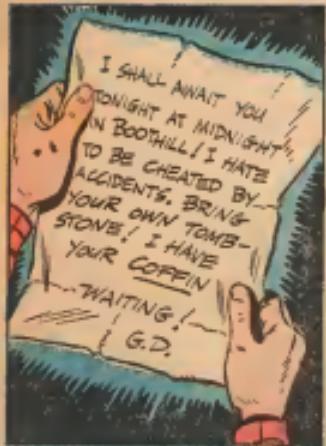


GET GOING, PARD! THE GRAVEDIGGER MUST HAVE BROKEN OUT OF JAIL, AND IS OUT TO KILL ME AS HE SWORE HE WOULD!

THIS TRAIL IS MADE TO ORDER FOR A BUSHWACKER, BUT I AIM TO TAKE THAT CHANCE! IF I CAN MAKE THE GRAVEDIGGER SHOW HIS HAND IN THE OPEN, BY TAKING ANOTHER SHOT AT ME, IT'LL BE WORTH IT!







MONTE HALE WESTERN

YOU CAN START BY TELLING ME IF YOU SOLD A LARGE COFFIN TO A CADAVEROUS-LOOKING VARMINT WITH GIMLET EYES!

I'M SORRY, SIR! I NEVER DISCUSS THE BUSINESS OF MY CLIENTS WITH STRANGERS!



YOU WILL WITH ME, MISTER! THIS IS A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH, SO TALK!

ER, Y-YES SIR! IN THAT CASE I'LL BE GLAD TO TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW.



THAT'S A HEAP MORE LIKE IT! DID THIS JASPER BUY A COFFIN BIG ENOUGH FOR A MAN MY SIZE?

YES! YOU ARE ABOUT SIX FOOT SIX AND HE BOUGHT A SIX FOOT EIGHT INCH COFFIN! HE INSISTED ON A VERY DEEP ONE!

IF HE INSISTED ON A DEEP COFFIN, THERE MUST BE A MIGHTY GOOD REASON FOR IT! I'VE GOT A HUNCH I KNOW JUST WHAT THAT REASON IS!

JUST ONE THING MORE! I'VE GOT TO HAVE A SHROUD THAT WILL FIT ME! DO YOU HAVE ONE I CAN BORROW?

A SHROUD? AH, YES! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET ONE FOR YOU!



MOMENTS LATER...

THANKS! THIS SHROUD WILL COMB IN MIGHTY HANDY, I RECKON!



LET'S GO, PARDNER! I'VE GOT A FEW ALTERATIONS TO MAKE ON THIS SHROUD BEFORE I MEET THE GRAVE-DIGGER AT MIDNIGHT! IF I'M GOING TO MEET HIM IN BOOTHILL, I AIM TO BE DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION!

FUNERAL PARLOR



MONTE HALE WESTERN





GABBY HAYES

HERE IS AN EXPLOSIVE ADVENTURE, PACKED WITH DYNAMITE! YOU MAY LAUGH, BUT GABBY HAYES DIDN'T— IN FACT, HE NEARLY BLEW HIS TOP!

Gabby's
BIG
BLAST!



GABBY HAYES, FOREMAN OF THE BAR NOTHING RANCH, PREPARES TO EXAMINE A DRY WELL WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF AUNT HESTER.



BUT A VISITOR TAKES HESTER'S MIND OFF HER WORK.

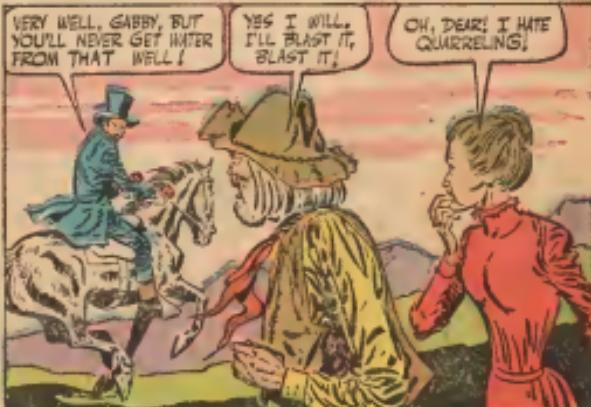
HOWDY, Y'LL! OH, MANI YOU GIVE ME QUITE A START!

WHIRR! CRASH! P.O.P!

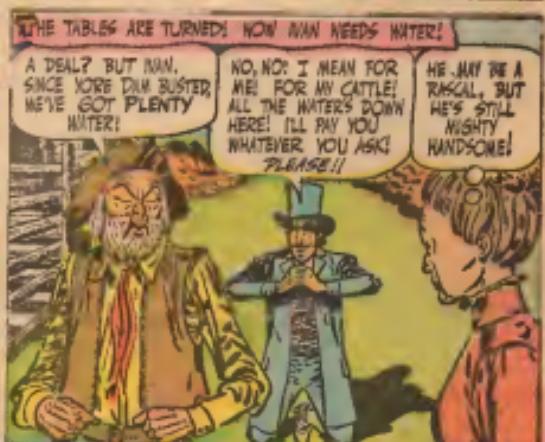
GRRR!



MONTE HALE WESTERN







RED SWIFT

Leaps for Life!

RED —
HE'S GOING OVER
THE FALLS!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM —
THOSE ROCKS—THAT'S THE ANSWER.

HELP!

I'LL JUMP FOR IT! CATCH YOU BALL-BANDS
LET'S SEE THAT SPRING OF YOURS.

YEAH! — MUST BE
20 FEET ACROSS.

A HITCH-KICK'LL
DO IT!

OH-YEAH BALL-BANDS
I REALLY NEED THAT
GEAR-GRIp ROW!

HELP!
I'M GOING UNDER!

TAKE IT EASY
I'VE GOTCHA!

SEE! —
WHAT A
JUMP!
HOW DID YOU
DO IT?

LOOK FOR THE **RED BALL**
... AND LEARN THIS TRICK

TRADE
MARK

THAT'S THE SECRET, RELLAS. LOOK FOR
THE SPORT SHOES WITH THE RED BALL
ON THE SOLE—FOR SPECIAL ARCH-GARD®
SUPPORT—FOR REAL GOOD SPRING AND
STAMINA—VOLATILITY OF GEAR-GRIp FOR
THIS LITTLE COOLING COMPOUND TRICK—
INSTEAD OF HOLDING THAT GEAR IN FRONT
KEEP COOLER—KIDNEY MOTOR PUS ALONG.

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MONMOUTH, ILLINOIS 61544 • MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

ARCH-GARD® GUARDS YOUR
FEET AT 3 VITAL POINTS

- 1 GUARDS YOUR HEEL—FOR
JUMPING, DASHING,
RUNNING, HILL CLIMBING.
- 2 GUARDS YOUR KNEE—
FOR DASHING, DUCKING,
HILL CLIMBING.
- 3 GUARDS YOUR ANKLE—
FOR DASHING, DUCKING,
HILL CLIMBING.



POW!
BASIC MODEL SHOES
WITH BALL-BAND jets
WITH DURAKOOL UPLITES

NEW! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
NEW! TO WASH CLEAN—NEVER WIRE
NEW! TOUGH—UPPERS LAST AS
LONG AS SHOES

MONTE HALE

AND

The RODEO MENACE

When MONTE HALE did an old pal a favor by starring in a rodeo show, he expected some death-defying thrills! But Monte found that wild brahma bulls and broncs were child's play compared to the sinister Killer who murderously stalked the rodeo!

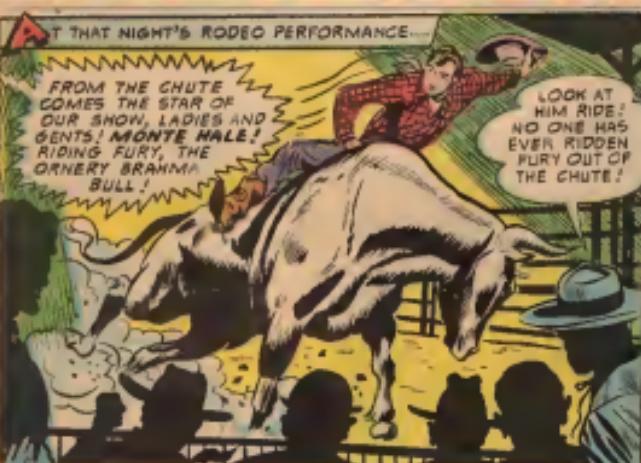
MONTE HALE IS LEISURELY RIDING THROUGH THE TOWN OF HIGH ROCK WHEN



THIS IS NO AFFAIR OF MINE EXCEPT THAT I DON'T LIKE RATS THAT FIGHT AS FOUL AS YOU DO!

NEXT TIME, HOMBRE, USE YOUR FISTS INSTEAD OF YOUR BOOTS!







AT THAT VERY MOMENT, FROM MONTE'S HOTEL ROOM ACROSS THE STREET.....





STAGGERING FROM THE FOUL BLOW, MONTE TURNS TO FACE HIS OPPONENT....



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER....

MY FACE FEELS AS IF A HERD OF MUSTANGS HAD BEEN STEPPING ON IT! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY I NOTICED! I MUST TELL RED!

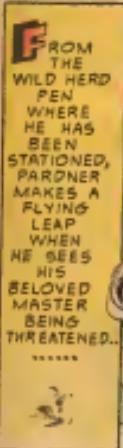


ON RED STUART'S ROOM, MONTE EXPLAINS.....

RED, I KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THE YELLOW-HOODED KILLER! IT'S VANCE WALKER! THE BLOW ON THE SIDE OF MY FACE MADE ME GROGGY, BUT AS I TURNED I HAD A FLASH VIEW OF HAMMERED, GOLD-TIPPED BOOTS!



IF VANCE IS DESPERATE FOR MONEY, HE'LL TRY TO ROB YOU AGAIN--AND SOON! I HAVE AN IDEA HOW TO TRAP SEÑOR WALKER! TOMORROW NIGHT ANNOUNCE MY ENTRY IN THE RODEO, BUT HAVE SOMEONE ELSE TAKE MY PLACE, FOR I'LL BE HIDING IN THE CASHIER'S BOOTH WAITING FOR THE COYOTE!





LEASH-JOLT OF THE UNLEASHED MUSTANGS LASHES MONTE WITH SEARING PAIN! MEANWHILE, PARDNER STANDS HIS GROUND, TRYING TO TURN THE HERD BACK INTO THE PEN!



VANCE HAS A GOOD HEAD START: PROBABLY HEADING FOR THE BORDER, SINCE HE GOT AWAY WITH THE MONEY! I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HEAD HIM OFF IF I CUT ACROSS DEVIL'S RIVER!



LATER, AT THE EDGE OF DEVIL'S RIVER, AN INFERNAL OF SWIFT CURRENTS AND KNIFE-SHARP JUTTING ROCKS



YOU MADE IT, PALS! NOW WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO OVERTAKE VANCE!



PARDNER COMMANDS ALL THE SPEED HE CAN MUSTER, AND A WHILE LATER



SURPRISED, WALKER? I BEAT YOU HERE BY TAKING THE SHORT CUT ACROSS DEVIL'S RIVER!

I COULDN'T SHOOT YOU AT THE RODEO, HALE! BUT THERE'S NO ONE HERE TO HEAR THE SHOT! NOW I'LL MAKE SURE YOU'RE DEAD!



WHAM!

YOUR SECOND SURPRISE COMING UP! THIS IS TO SHOW YOU THAT ONE CAN WIN BY FIGHTING FAIR AND SQUARE! I COULD HAVE BEATEN YOU TO THE DRAW, WALKER, BUT I PREFER IT THIS WAY!



GUESS YOU WON YOUR FIGHT TOO, PARDNER! THAT ALBINO DOESN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF FACING YOU AGAIN! WELL, THE NEXT THING FOR US TO DO, PARD, IS TO DROP THIS MANSY' VARMINT AT THE JAILHOUSE!



MONTE HALE

DISPUTED EMPIRE!



RUSTLERS! THEY'RE MAKING OFF WITH THE BEST OF MY HERD, BOB!

BANG! BANG!

YOUR HERD! SINCE WHEN? I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU EAT THOSE WORDS!

TOM DUKE was the ruler of a vast cattle empire that had been won by sweat and toil! Someday his lands would belong to his two sons, BOB and JEFF DUKE... youths who had always fought each other from earliest childhood! When Tom died it was MONTE HALE'S job to act as peacemaker to the battling brothers and their DISPUTED EMPIRE!

WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN! ESPECIALLY WHEN THE BRONC-BUSTER IS MONTE HALE!



STEADY, BOY! STEADY THERE!

HERE'S ANOTHER MUSTANG FOR YOU, HANK! HE'S PRETTY WELL GENTLED!

THANKS, MONTE! A FELLOW JUST RODE UP FROM TOWN AND BROUGHT THIS MESSAGE FOR YOU.

MONTE'S SINEWY FINGERS UNFOLD THE PAPER!



IT'S BAD NEWS, HANK! THERE WAS A FIRE AT THE DUKE RANCH, AND OLD TOM DUKE WAS LOST IN THE BLAZE! HE WAS A VERY FINE MAN!

TOM DUKE DEAD, EH? THAT MEANS THE RANCH WILL GO TO HIS SONS, BOB AND JEFF!

BOB AND JEFF HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO GET ALONG TOGETHER! WHEN THEY GET TO DIVIDING UP THAT BIG RANCH, THERE'S BOUND TO BE A RUCKUS! RECKON I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE A RIDE-TO SEE WHETHER I CAN STOP THE FIREWORKS!



MONTE HALE HAS KNOWN THE DUKE FAMILY FOR MANY YEARS! AND SO, AS HE URGES PARDNER DOWN THE TRAIL, HIS THOUGHTS GO BACK...

WHY, EVEN WHEN BOB AND JEFF WERE LITTLE SPROUTS, THEY WERE ALWAYS SCRAPPING! I REMEMBER ONCE, WHEN THEY FOUND A JACK-KNIFE, THEY FOUGHT OVER IT...



... AND LATER, WHEN THEY BEGAN TO DO OUT WITH GIRLS...

OUT OF MY WAY, CACTUS-HEAD! I'M TAKING SALLY ANN HOME FROM THE SQUARE DANCE!

LIKE BLAZES YOU ARE! I'M TAKING HER HOME!



...THEY FOUGHT AGAIN! IT WAS THE ONLY WAY THEY KNEW TO SETTLE ARGUMENTS!

IT'S BOB AND JEFF DUKE - SCRAPPING AGAIN!



SINCE THEY WERE KIDS, THEY HAVEN'T STOPPED FENDING! I WONDER WHAT IT'LL BE LIKE, NOW THAT TOM'S DIED, AND LEFT THEM THAT HUGE RANCH! I SURE HOPE THEY CAN LEARN TO PULL TOGETHER!



THERE'S DEVIL'S GULCH NOW! THE BOYS ARE PROBABLY IN THE COURTHOUSE WITH JUDGE SIMMONS... FINDING OUT WHAT THEIR FATHER'S WILL CONTAINED!



...AND WOUND UP WITH FOUR BLACK EYES...



...TWO APiece!

BUT IN THE COURTHOUSE, JUDGE SIMMONS HAS A DIFFICULT TASK!

JEFF AND BOB, I'VE GOT SERIOUS NEWS FOR YOU! IN THE FIRE THAT TOOK YOUR FATHER'S LIFE, HIS WILL SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN BURNED UP, TOO! WE HAVE NO RECORD OF HOW HE WANTED TO DISPOSE OF THE RANCH!

NO RECORD, JUDGE? THAT'S EASY! I'LL TELL YOU HOW WE'LL SPLIT THE RANCH!





BUT IN A MOMENT...



THEN A LITHE, GIANT FORM STREAKS THROUGH THE DOOR, AND THE BOYS ARE FLYING APART BY POWERFUL HANDS:



AND WHAT DO I FIND? YOU TWO, SQUABBLING LIKE A PAIR OF YELLOW COYOTES, FIGHTING... WITHOUT A PARTICLE OF DECENCY OR SHAME! I'M SORRY, MONTE! BUT HE CAN'T CALL ME NAMES AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

THAT'S ENOUGH! I WANT TO TALK TO THE JUDGE ABOUT THIS! YOU TWO CLEAR OUT OF HERE! BUT DO IT SEPARATELY! IF YOU STICK WITH EACH OTHER, YOU'RE BOUND TO START SCRAPPING AGAIN!



I'M SURE GLAD YOU STEPPED IN, MONTE! IN ANOTHER MINUTE, THOSE BOYS WOULD HAVE GRABBED IRON! THEY WERE PLUMB BREATHING FIRE!

I KNOW IT, JUDGE SIMMONS! AND THAT'S WHY I'M WORRIED!

SOMEHOW, WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT A FAIR WAY TO DIVIDE UP THAT LAND—AND A WAY TO MAKE SURE THAT BOB AND JEFF QUIT THEIR FEUDING!

THAT'S RIGHT—BUT HOW? IF THEY HAVEN'T QUIT IN FIFTEEN YEARS...THEY'RE NOT LIKELY TO NOW!



LET ME THINK ABOUT IT TONIGHT, JUDGE! MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT SOMETHING!

GOOD ENOUGH,

MONTE! LET ME KNOW IF YOU DO! IT WOULD SURE BREAK OLD TOM'S HEART IF HE KNEW THIS WAS HAPPENING!

AS MONTE ENTERS HIS HOTEL ROOM THAT EVENING...



NO WONDER! SOMEONE LEFT IT ON TO ATTRACT MY ATTENTION TO THIS NOTE!



MONTE HALE—

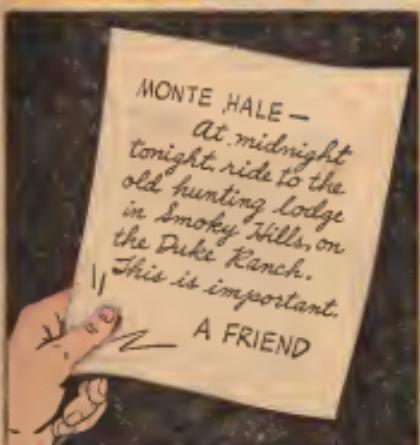
At midnight tonight ride to the old hunting lodge in Smoky Hills, on the Duke Ranch.

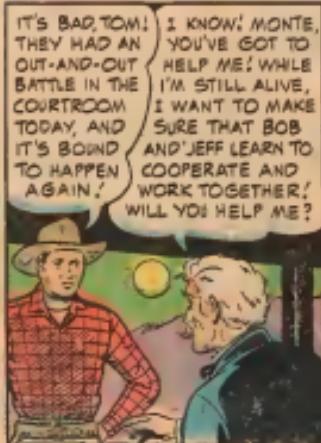
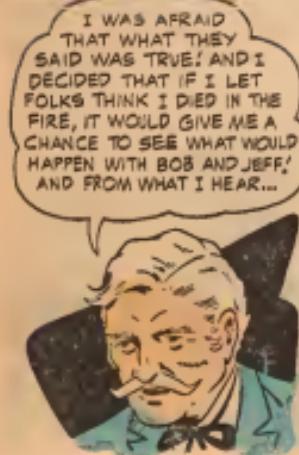
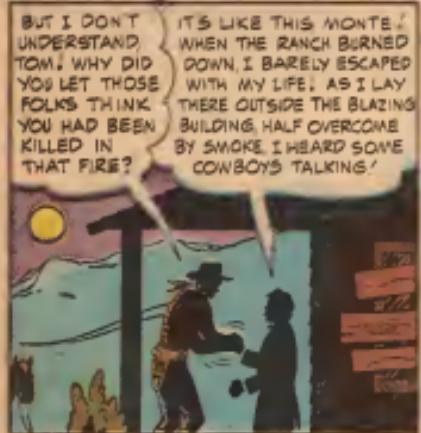
This is important.

A FRIEND

PUZZLED BY THE NOTE, MONTE SADDLES PARDNER AND, AS MIDNIGHT APPROACHES...

REMEMBER THIS TRAIL, PARDNER? MANY'S THE TIME WE'VE RIDDEN UP IT WITH OLD TOM DUKE, TO GO HUNTING!





THE NEXT DAY, A BAND OF MASKED OUTLAWS SWOOPS DOWN FROM THE HILLS ONTO THE BROAD EXPANSE OF DUKE CATTLE LAND...

ROUND UP THOSE WHITEFACE DOGIES, GET 'EM MOVING!
EEE-YIPPEE!

BANG!
BANG!



WE'VE GOT ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED OF THEM, BOSS!

GOOD! NOW HAZE THEM TO THE NORTH!



HOURS LATER, THE TWO BROTHERS MEET!

BOB! HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT IT, JEFF? I HEARD ABOUT NEWS? OUTLAWS STRUCK! GRABBED UP FIVE HUNDRED OF OUR BEST STOCK AND ESCAPED INTO THE HILLS! I DON'T LIKE TO DO IT, BUT MAYBE WE'D BETTER FORGET LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE SURE THEY DON'T TRY IT AGAIN!



AND AN ARMED TRUCE IS FORMED!

ALL RIGHT! BUT IT'S JUST TEMPORARY! WHEN THIS TROUBLE IS OVER—
I'M SETTLING THAT GOES WITH YOU! FOR ME, TOO!



WE'VE BEEN PATROLLING THE RANGE FOR TWO DAYS AND NO SIGN RECKON OF RUSTLERS! THEY WERE SCARED OFF!



BUT AT THE CRACK OF THE NEXT DAWN...

TAKE 'EM BY SURPRISE! SURROUND THE HERD AND RUN 'EM OFF! EEE-YIPPEE!

THIS'LL BE A BIG ONE!



BANG!
BANG!

BOB! JEFF! THE RUSTLERS STRUCK AGAIN! AND THEY GOT OFF WITH A THOUSAND HEAD THIS TIME! THEY'RE MOVING THEM UP INTO THE HILLS!

WHAT? HEAR THAT, JEFF? LET'S GET AFTER THEM— AND TEACH THEM IT DOESN'T PAY TO MONKEY WITH THE DUKES!

RIGHT, BOB! WE'LL HANDLE THEM THE WAY DAD WOULD HAVE DONE!



THIS TIME, UNITED IN A COMMON CAUSE, THE BROTHERS RACE INTO THE HILLS, GALLOPING SIDE BY SIDE!

SEE THEIR TRACKS! WE'RE CLOSE BEHIND THEM, JEFF! I'M WITH YOU, PAL!

LOOK! THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT CANYON! THAT MUST BE WHERE THEY HID THE CATTLE FROM THE FIRST RAID!

LIMBER UP YOUR SHOOTING IRONS, MEN! LOOKS AS IF THERE'LL BE A FRACAS!



BUT THEN, FROM THE LIMB OF THE SPREADING OAK...

HOLD ON, BOYS! DON'T SHOOT, UNTIL YOU FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

IT'S MONTE HALE! WHAT TH-?



TO TEACH YOU BOYS A LESSON—THAT, AFTER I'M GONE, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LEARN TO GET ALONG WITH EACH OTHER! AS SOON AS YOU STARTED TO SPLIT UP THE RANCH, YOU BEGAN TO FIGHT! SO MONTE AND I FIGURED OUT A PLAN TO TEACH YOU TO WORK TOGETHER!



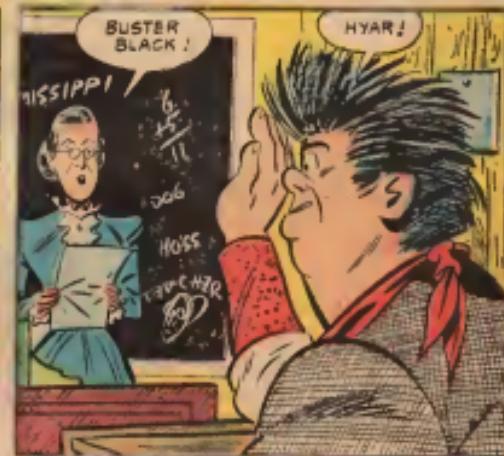
WE CARRIED OUT THESE FAKE CATTLE RAIDS—SO YOU'D FORGET YOUR FEUDING AND WORK TOGETHER!

IT CERTAINLY WORKED, MONTE! I'LL SWEAR NEVER TO FIGHT WITH JEFF AGAIN!

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, WHEN THE RANCH IS FINALLY OURS—I WON'T WANT TO SPLIT IT UP AT ALL! I SAY, LET'S RUN IT AS PARTNERS!



BOISTEROUS BUSTER

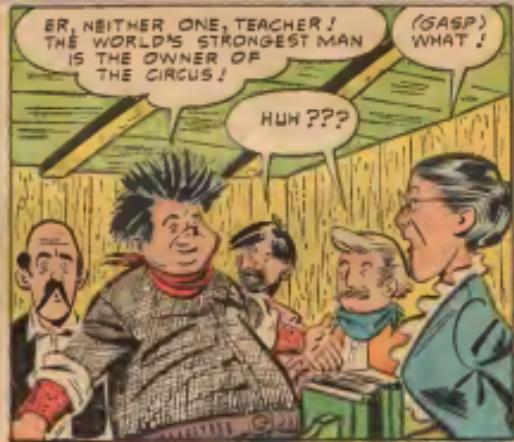


QUIET, BUSTER! I
DON'T WANT YOU
TO HAVE FUN AT
BEN'S EXPENSE!

DON'T WORRY...AT
BEN'S EXPENSE,
NOBODY COULD
EVER HAVE ANY
FUN! HA, HA!



SINCE YOU'RE SO MUCH OF A SMART ALEC THIS MORNING, BUSTER, I'M GOING TO START THE CLASS OFF BY ASKING YOU THE FIRST QUESTION! AND IF YOU CAN'T ANSWER IT CORRECTLY, YOU'LL HAVE TO WRITE THE CORRECT ANSWER FIVE HUNDRED TIMES ON THE BLACKBOARD!



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RIDE THE IRON HORSE

A "Gray Hawk" Story

By Dick Kraus



GRAY HAWK and his friend, Swift Deer, crept to the edge of the cliff and peered over.

Far below the two Indian youths, along a path of brown earth that seemed to have been chopped out of the forest slope, ran two gleaming iron rails. The rails wound along the side of the slope, went around a sharp curve, and then were lost from sight in the forest trees.

"Do you see?" asked Gray Hawk. "It is just as I told you. These are the prints of the Iron Horse. They are what the white man calls the railroad tracks." He stumbled over the last words, and repeated them again slowly. "The railroad tracks!"

Looking down at the newly laid rails, Swift Deer shook his head from side to side in wonder.

"The Iron Horse! I have heard of this magic creature," he said, "but never have I seen one. Do you think it is safe for us to be here? If one comes along . . . will it not see us . . . and devour us? All the Otapi youths fear it!"

Gray Hawk's bronzed face broke into a smile, and he shook with silent amusement.

"No," he said. "The Iron Horse is made by the white men to carry them . . . and it does their bidding." Then his face grew serious. "The bad thing about it is that the men who built it . . . and the men who ride on it . . . all need food! And they have been slaughtering our game without mercy—killing the deer in the forest and the buffalo on the plain."

His sinewy hand gripped into a fist.

"This must stop," he said, "or there may be trouble between our people, the Indians, and the white man. I have heard my father say it!"

Suddenly, Gray Hawk rose. "Come," he said. "Let us walk along here, above the tracks of the Iron Horse. Let us see where they lead . . ."

Side by side, the two boys clambered along the steep slope that overhung the winding

railroad tracks. Across the open land they followed it, and then through a pine forest through which a path had been cut. Then, as they came out upon a boulder-strewn stretch of land, Gray Hawk pointed ahead.

"Look! Look there," he muttered. "There has been a landslide down the face of the cliff! Great rocks have fallen upon the iron tracks . . . and broken them! There is no path there for the Iron Horse to ride upon!"

It was true! Several huge boulders had been loosened by rain and, falling, had broken away a few yards of track. This had happened at a point past the sharp bend of a curve in the rails, so the engineer of a train moving at normal speed would not see the break until he was almost upon it.

Realizing this, Gray Hawk frowned.

"This is bad," he mused. "If the Iron Horse is galloping at full speed . . . and it goes around that curve, it will go off the rails! It may turn over . . . and the white men on it will be hurt. Some may be killed!"

Swift Deer shrugged his shoulders. "What if they are? Maybe then they will not come into our land—put tracks through our forests and kill our game. Maybe then there will not be the trouble you spoke of! It is good this has happened!"

"No!" Gray Hawk shook his head with sudden resolve.

"This is not the way to bring about peace between our people and the white man! We must help them—we must warn them . . . somehow!"

All at once, the son of the Otapi chief tensed. His keen ears had caught a sound. It was the distant whistle of an approaching train. Now he could hear a faint metallic rumble along the rails. His face grew grim. "The Iron Horse is coming!" he exclaimed. "We must tell the men on it that there is great danger ahead!"

Swiftly, Gray Hawk considered the possibilities. He could clamber down to the track,

and, by waving his arms bring the train to a stop before it reached the curve where death waited. But maybe that would not work! The riders of the Iron Horse might suspect a trap, and might press through at redoubled speed. There would have to be another way.

Gray Hawk hit his hand against his thigh. There was another way. "Swift Deer, are you with me?" In answer, the other boy nodded. "All right," Gray Hawk went on, "we will go to the edge of the cliff, just above where the Iron Horse will pass. And there we will wait!"

Hurriedly, the two boys made their way to where the cliff overhung the rails. There they crouched.

Seconds passed, then minutes, and all the time the sound of the approaching train grew louder and louder.

Suddenly, it appeared, coming around a bend toward Gray Hawk and Swift Deer! It was huge and shiny black, and it made a great clanking noise. White smoke puffed out of the top of its head! In terror, Swift Deer started to flee, but his friend's quick hand held him back. The train passed on the track beneath the boys, swaying from side to side, rushing forward.

"Now!" Gray Hawk rose. "We must leap upon it!" He tensed his muscles and launched himself in a long, smooth leap that landed him on the back of the moving train. Swift Deer hesitated a moment . . . then followed his friend.

"There is no time to waste," gasped Gray Hawk. "We must go forward . . . to warn the driver!"

On hands and knees, the two boys scrambled along the lurching train. Again and again, they were almost thrown from its side . . . but they kept moving forward!

Engineer Jim Le Favre had one hand on the throttle, the other hung at his side. His eyes were glued on the track ahead. This new line through the Indian country was a dangerous stretch; it was filled with bends and bad grades, and there was always the possibility of an ambush.

Suddenly, the trainman heard a strange sound behind. It sounded almost like a call—a warning cry! Whirling, he saw the dusky head of an Indian boy, framed in the window of the railroad cab. The boy was hanging from the top of the train, and he was shouting something that was drowned by the onrushing wind!

"An Injun!" grunted Le Favre. He reached quickly for the rifle that lay in a corner of the cab.

"No! No!" shouted Gray Hawk. "You are in danger. The track is broken. Iron Horse will crash! You must stop it!"

Was the boy telling the truth? The railroad man did not know—but swiftly his hands went to the brake. He set it—hard! There was a long, ear-piercing screeching noise as the long train slid to a grinding, stubborn stop, fighting the pull of the brakes. Foot by foot and inch by inch, it slowed up. At last it was still, steam billowing from its single black smokestack.

Jim Le Favre stared ahead of the train, unbelievingly. There, scant yards in front of the cowcatcher, was a jumble of rocks, and the ripped ends of the rail caused by a landslide! If he had ploughed into that at the speed he was going . . . The engineer shuddered.

He climbed down out of the cab and looked up at the two Indian boys who crouched on it. Their arms were folded across their chests. Their faces were impassive.

"Boys," he said slowly, "you just saved my life. Mine and the lives of about twenty other people on this train!"

Gray Hawk nodded. "It is well, he said. "We are friends of white man. We have no quarrel with him, except for one thing. My people do not like the way he is wastefully killing our game . . . our deer and buffalo. There may be trouble because of this!"

Jim Le Favre wiped his brow with a grimy neckerchief. "Listen, son," he said. "When word gets back of how you two young ones saved this train—folks in the East are going to be mighty pleased! I happen to know that they're making arrangements to ship cattle herds up from the Southwest for the railroad crews! After this, I promise you they'll hurry that up . . . and you won't have to worry about our slaughtering your herds any more! You've done a good service for your people."

Gray Hawk smiled. But he was not listening any more. He was thinking of how the other Otapi boys would look when he told them that he and Swift Deer had ridden on the back of the feared monster—the Iron Horse! Slowly he began to laugh.

THE END

*Follow in each issue of MONTE HALE
the experiences of young GRAY HAWK.*

OLD SLICK



BRONKO BETSY

NOT THE ARGUING TYPE!



MONTE HALE'S Cowboy Songs



HIN HIS RAMBLINGS THROUGHOUT THE WEST, MONTE HALE HAS HEARD MANY A LONELY COWBOY SAY THAT SOME DAY HE WOULD RETURN TO THE HOME AND MOTHER THAT HE LEFT SO LONG AGO. BUT, SOMEHOW, MONTE ALWAYS KNEW THAT THE COWBOY WOULD NOT GO BACK—THAT HE WAS FATED TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS DAYS RIDING THE RANGE --- LIKE THE COWPUNCHER IN THIS FAMOUS WESTERN SONG !



WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

A group of jolly cowboys, discussing plans of ease,
Says one, "I'll tell you something, boys, if you will listen, please.
I am an old cow-puncher and hyer I'm dressed in rags,
I used to be a tough one and go on great big jogs.
But I have got a home, boys, a good one, you all know,
Although I have not seen it since long, long ago.
I'm going back to Dixie once more to see them all,
Yes, I'm going to see 'my mother when the work's all done this fall."

That very night this cowboy went out to stand his guard;
The night was black and cloudy and storming very hard.
The cattle they got frightened, and rushed in wild stampede,
The cowboy tried to head them, while riding at full speed.
While riding in the darkness so loudly did he shout,
Trying his best to head them and turn the steers about,
His saddle horse did stumble and on him it did fall,
The poor boy won't see his mother when the work's all done this fall.

He was so badly injured the boys all thought him dead,
They picked him up so tenderly and laid him on a bed.
He opened wide his blue eyes and looking all around
He mentioned to his comrades to sit near him on the ground.
"Boys, send my mother my wages, the wages I have earned,
For I am afraid, boys, my last steer I have turned.
I'm going to a new range, I hear my Master's call,
And I'll not see my mother when the work's all done this fall."



MONTE HALE

and THE
MYSTERY
OF THE
CALICO
HORSE

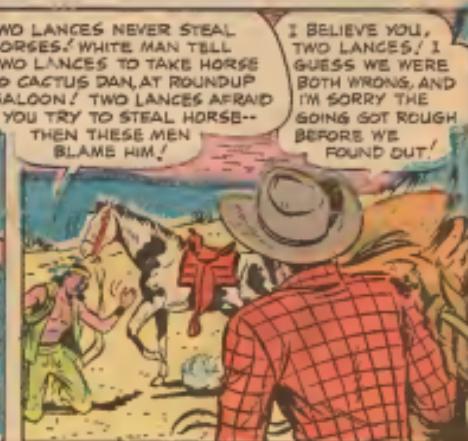
MONTE HALE HAS SEEN COUNTLESS CALICO HORSES IN HIS TRAVELS, BUT IN BONANZA BEND HE FOUND A CALICO NAG THAT CAUSED THE DEATH OF ONE MAN AND THREATENED THE LIVES OF A DOZEN MORE. RIDE THE GUNSMOKE TRAIL WITH MONTE AS HE UNCOVERS THE MOST INGENIOUS PLOT OF HIS CAREER!

ONE AFTER-
NOON AS
MONTE RIDES
TOWARD THE
TOWN OF
"BONANZA
BEND—

THAT APACHE BRAVE IS RIDING HIS HORSE FOR ALL IT'S WORTH! HMM! IT'S ODD THAT HIS HORSE SHOULD BE SADDLED!

THERE'S A SAYING THAT THE ONLY TIME AN INDIAN DOESN'T RIDE BAREBACK IS WHEN HE'S ON A STOLEN HORSE! LET'S HAVE A LOOK, PARDNER!





CACTUS DAN HAS SETTLED IN BONANZA BEND SINCE THE GANG VANCOOSED! AS LONG AS I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, HIS FUGITIVE ACCOMPLICES WILL BE AFRAID TO THEY MAY GET IN TOUCH! NOT DO IT WITH HIM! OPENLY, BUT WHAT'S TO STOP THEM FROM SENDING A MESSAGE?

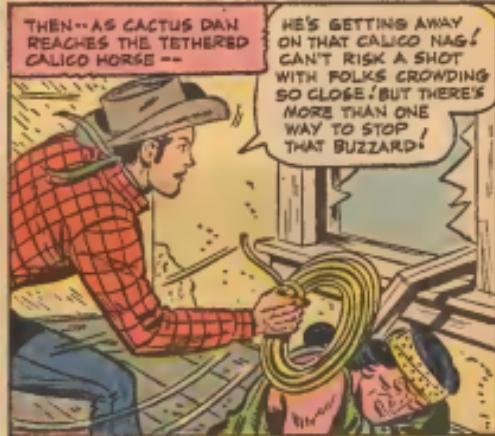
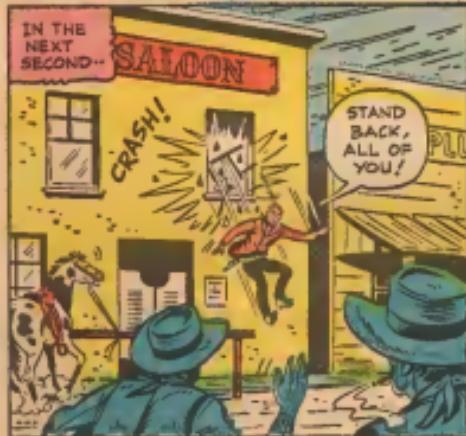
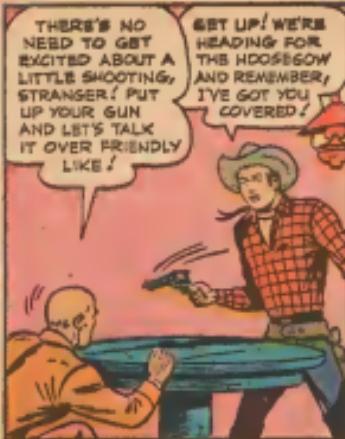
NOT A CHANCE! THOSE WARMINTS FACE JAIL SENTENCES! NO WADDY WOULD RISK WORKING WITH THEM!

EXCEPT POSSIBLY AN INDIAN WHO DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE OUTLAWS! I THINK I'LL STOP OFF AT THE ROUND-UP SALOON AND HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH CACTUS DAN!

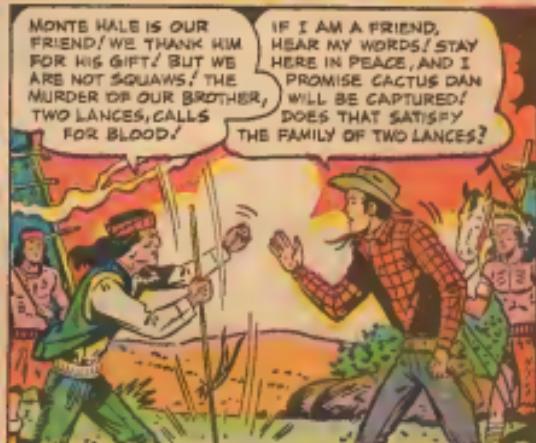
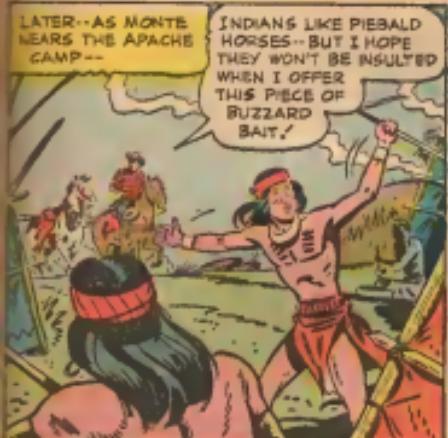
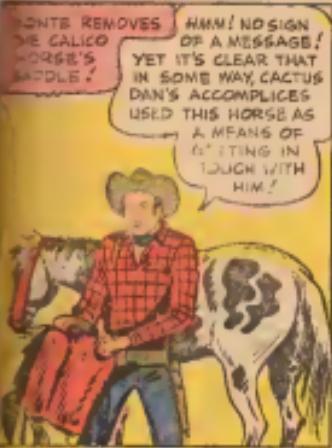
MINUTES LATER-- IT CERTAINLY TOOK TWO LANCES PLENTY, LONG TO REACH TOWN! MAKES ME WONDER ALL THE MORE WHY CACTUS DAN WOULD WANT A WIND-BROKEN CALICO NAG LIKE THAT ONE!

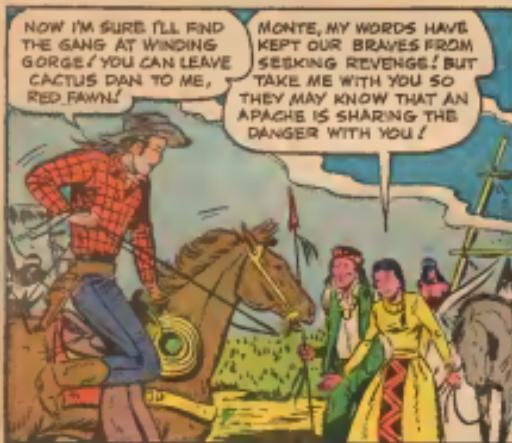
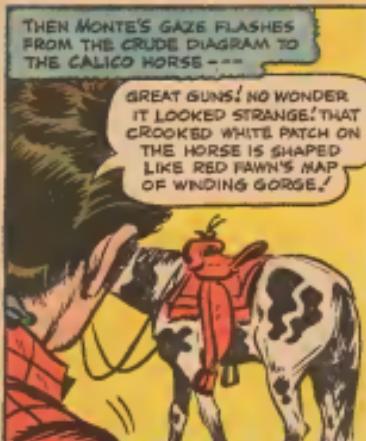


MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE HALE WESTERN





WE FIGURE WE'LL BLOW THE OTHER END OF THE MINE SKY HIGH, GUARDS AND ALL--- AND GET THE GOLD OUT FROM THIS SIDE, WITH NO ONE THE WISER!

WE COULDN'T SEND TWO LANCES TO TOWN FOR GUNPOWDER WITHOUT MAKING THE SHERIFF SUSPICIOUS! SO WE HAD HIM BRING BACK ALL THE STUFF NEEDED TO MAKE GUNPOWDER WITH--A KEG EACH OF SALTPESTER, SULPHUR AND CHARCOAL!

AND YOU MIXED THE THREE IN ONE BARREL, THEN SET A TIME FUSE AND PUT IT IN FRONT OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE MINE! NICE WORK, BOYS!

THE HEARTLESS DOGS! IF I HAD A GUN I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU ROUND THEM UP, MONTE!

THAT WON'T HELP THOSE MINE GUARDS! WAIT HERE, RED, FAWN--AND DON'T LET THOSE BUZZARDS KNOW WE'VE SPOTTED THEM!



TRAVEL, PARDNER! A CRUDE TIME FUSE CAN'T BE SET WITH ANY DEGREE OF ACCURACY! LET'S HOPE WE CAN GET THERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!~

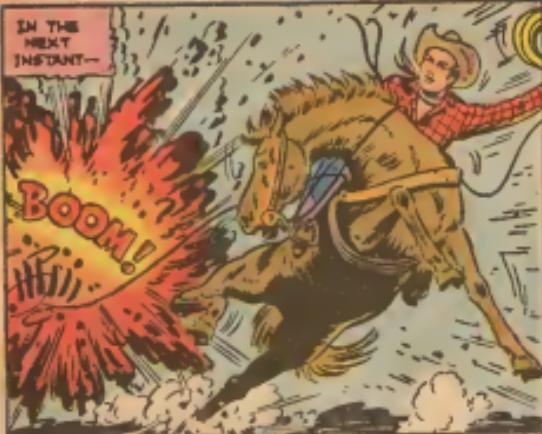
WITH THE UNSUSPECTED BARREL READY TO EXPLODE ANY SECOND!

THERE'S A RIDER COMING LIKE A CANNON BALL-- IT'S MONTE HALE!



DIG IN, PARDNER! A FEW MORE YARDS, AND WE'LL BE ABLE TO DITCH IT-- IF IT DOESN'T EXPLODE BEFORE THEN!



IN THE
NEXT
INSTANT--

SOON AFTERWARD--

RECKON THE SMOKE
HAS CLEARED OUT
OF THE SHAFT BY
NOW, BOSS?JUST ABOUT, WE
MIGHT AS WELL START
BY COLLECTING THE
GOLD ORE THAT'S BEEN
JARRED LOOSE BY
THE BLAST!IF THERE'S ANY
GOLD JARRED
LOOSE, IT'LL BE
YOUR INLAYS!



FRANK H. FLEER, CORP.
PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.



ACROSS

- Copious
- Algebra problem
- It's a cinch
- Line-drawing
- Brave word for applying unusual description
- The "top" of a submarine
- Mountains or Central Park
- Two words for a player with thick accent
- The letter 'P'
- What someone will like happening
- Cheer
- Worthless having
- Sports players who play for money
- American soldier

DOWN

- Albino
- Heavy rain
- Stay "onboard"
- Wife
- Part of a shade
- Cry of a cat
- To roll, as cheese
- Painting wherein
- Two words for violent action
- Running away
- Parties of seven
- The woman who defied and passed the street
- Mr. Bright's first name (Sonic Crest in past)

MONTE HALE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

- Lead a band
- Have paten
- Wind whipping end of male garment
- Prancing to the mouth
- Two incisives
- Two words for "to left"
- Second revised
- To do some
- Our economy
- Affection
- Breakthrough with a dagger
- Blackberry
- Over funds
- Candidate for disk top
- Living beings
- Womankind in charge of digging
- The eye of a person
- Considered
- Native
- Andy plan
- Turned penned
- Observed
- Wife's companion for spending, especially
- Lead best of the engine
- What men do during working
- Polar about mostly
- Friends of the critter
- The man in charge of the bands
- Run using bottoms
- It's a cinch
- Lead
- Care independently
- Questioned Who found?
- Lesson's title
- Mark out by a trend
- Mark out by a trend
- Writing made
- Sandy level by the sea
- Unleashed
- Baron author
- It's a cinch

POE SOLUTION, TURN PAGE TO SPREAD DOWN!

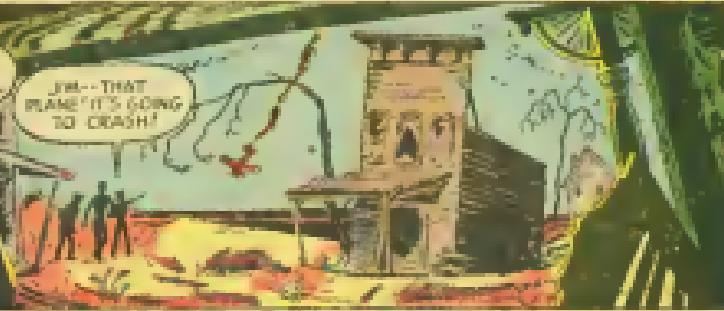


TROUBLE at GHOST-TOWN!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE

ONE DAY OUT WEST, THE BOYS AND I WERE EXPLORING A MYSTERIOUS OLD GHOST-TOWN NEAR ROCK CITY, WHEN SUDDENLY...

JIM--THAT PLANE'S GOING TO CRASH!



CHOK, BOYS--
WE'RE NOT TO GET
THAT PLANE OUT
BEFORE THE WHOLE
PLANE'S IN FLAMES!



MUST GET--SERUM--
TO HOSPITAL--
ROCK CITY--
DYING CHILD--
I'LL GET THAT
SERUM TO THE
HOSPITAL, JIM--
IF I HAVE TO RUN
ALL THE WAY!



WHEW! NOT FAIR TO
DO NOW--I'M SORRY
GLAD JIM TOLD ME
ABOUT "P-F"!



WHAT JIM TOLD BOB ABOUT "P-F":
BOB'S NEW "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE SPEED,
MORE ENERGY AND REAL FOOT COMFORT.

1. THE ALL-IMPORTANT "P-F"
RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE
BONES OF THE FEET IN
THEIR NATURAL,
NORMAL POSITION--
HELPS PREVENT
FOOT STRAIN.
2. SPONGE RUBBER
CUSHION

"P-F" ADDS POSTURE FOUNDATION



TRUSS MARK

LOOK--BOB'S BACK
SPEED RECORD! HE REALLY
MUST HAVE SET A
NEW SPEED RECORD!



ONE, I HOPE
THAT PILOT
WILL BE
ALL RIGHT!

HE WILL, AND--BOB,
SO WILL THAT CHILD
IN THE HOSPITAL--
THANKS TO YOUR
SPEED IN GETTING
THE SERUM TO US!

WELL, FELLAS--
BOB'S "P-F" SURE HELPED
HIM PLENTY!



FOR EXTRA SPEED
ENERGY AND COMFORT,
WEAR ON "P-F"
CANVAS SHOES. GET
YOUR "P-F'S" TODAY!



"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY
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